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THE NEW UNITY

For Good Citizenship; Good Literature; and Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

MEADVILLE THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL

VOLUME 41. CHICAGO, APRIL 14, 1898. NUMBER 7

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Still Leading

I have the purpose to help forward progressive movements even in my latest hours, and hence hereby decree that the earthly mantle, which I shall drop ere long, when my real self passes onward into the world unseen, shall be swiftly enfolded in flames and rendered powerless harmfully to affect the health of the living. Let no friend of mine say aught to prevent the cremation of my cast-off body. The fact that the popular mind has not come to this decision renders it all the more my duty, who have seen the light, to stand for it in death, as I have sincerely meant in life to stand for the great cause of poor oppressed humanity. There must be explorers along all pathways; scouts in all armies.

—From Frances Willard's Will.

Alfred C. Clark & Co., Publishers, 185-187 Dearborn St.

Chicago.

An Invitation

The Illinois Liberal Congress of Religion

Springfield, May 12 and 13, 1898

THE Illinois State Congress which was organized at Streator, in 1895, and subsequently met at Freeport and Aurora will convene this year at Springfield. The opening session will be held Wednesday evening, May 12, and three meetings are planned for Thursday, May 13. The Congress will convene at the State Capitol.

A good program is assured, the details of which will be published hereafter. Local arrangements are in charge of Rev. Joseph Leiser, who will gladly furnish any information regarding hotel accommodations, etc.

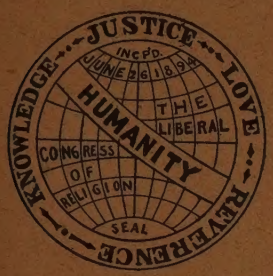
We herewith cordially invite all the societies which have previously affiliated with us and all other societies which are in sympathy with this movement to send delegates, and we urgently solicit the attendance of all Ministers and Laymen who rejoice in the fraternization of the sects and who are zealous for the promotion of the universal truths common to all religions. We assure every one of a fraternal welcome, a hearty greeting, and a free platform.

W. N. Alcott, Sec'y, ELGIN.
W. A. Colledge, Treas. AURORA.
Joseph Stolz, Pres't., 157 Forty-Second Place, CHICAGO.

MEADVILLE THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL

THE NEW UNITY

VOLUME XLI. THURSDAY, APRIL 14, 1898. NUMBER 7



TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion, to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in oganization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future. —*From Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.*

Editorial.

What is the voice I hear
On the winds of the western sea?
Sentinel, listen from out Cape Clear,
And say what the voice may be.
'Tis a proud, free people calling loud to a people proud and free.

And it says to them: "Kinsman, hail!
We severed have been too long.
Now let us have done with a worn-out tale—
The tale of an ancient wrong;
And our friendship last long as love doth last,
And be stronger than death is strong."

Answer, then, sons of the self-same race,
And blood of the self-same clan,
Let us speak with each other, face to face,
And answer as man to man;
And loyally love and trust each other as none but freemen can.

Now fling them to the breeze,
Shamrock, thistle, and rose;
And the star-spangled banner unfurl with these—
A message to friends and foes,
Wherever the sails of peace are seen, and wherever the war wind blows.

A message to bond and thrall to wake;
For wherever we come, we twain,
The throne of the tyrant shall rock and quake,
And his menace be void and vain;
For you are lords of a strong, young land, and we are lords of the main.

Yes, this is the voice on the bluff March gale,
We severed have been too long,
But now we have done with a worn-out tale—
The tale of an ancient wrong;
And our friendship shall last long as love doth last, and be stronger than death is strong.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

Many of our readers were surprised to learn that the body of the great temperance leader, Frances Willard, was passed through the fire. Some of our readers will rejoice with us that to the end she bore testimony to the things that make for advancement. Fitting and characteristic of her life are the words with which she decreed this final disposition of her body. We give them on the title page of THE NEW UNITY, honoring thereby the page, and proving thereby our respect for the spirit that dictated them.

Those who were interested in the missionary work of liberal thought fifteen or twenty years ago in the Mississippi valley, will remember the unique personality of John Burnham, then of Batavia, Ill. He used to frequent the meetings of the Western Unitarians, and was a tireless worker in the post-office mission cause associated with their work. On the 20th ult., in his new home in Orange, Cal., the strong and original mind left its eighty-second-year-old body, and the wide circle of correspondents reaching through two continents will miss him.

Chicago University, of course, is in the list of recipients at Easter time. A gift of three hundred and twenty thousand dollars is in sight from an unknown source. All that is known of it is that it comes from a woman. Miss Katherine Bruce, of New York, has also given fifteen hundred dollars outright and fifteen thousand conditionally to the astronomical work. Other sums from other sources make a total of one hundred and sixty thousand dollars, which is to be duplicated by John D. Rockefeller. Surely the University of Chicago should believe profoundly in the inspiration of one text, "To him that hath will it be given." It is an institution of growing opportunity and of growing instrumentalities.

THE NEW UNITY extends its congratulation to the friends of Isaiah Temple, and to our associate Rabbi Joseph Stolz, over the recent purchase, at a cost of fifteen thousand dollars, of a building lot on the corner of Forty-fifth street and Vincennes avenue. Instruction was given at a meeting of the society last Sunday to the trustees to proceed at once with the erection of a building, which it is hoped will be completed by the first of January, 1899. The building is to cover the entire lot of 97 feet by 129, and is to cost about fifty thousand dollars. Rabbi Stolz has worked wisely and well, and has gathered around him not only an earnest, but a liberal congregation.

An exchange puts among its pleasantries the notice of a Yorkshire barber, who turned over the extra earnings taken from the patrons of a sick rival to the unfortunate barber. Is the Golden Rule so far away that the observance of it is considered a good joke?

President Eliot of Harvard University has declared himself in favor of semi-annual conferring of degrees. The University of Chicago has its convocations four times a year. One result of this innovation will probably be to reduce the intensity of the class feeling and to dissipate some of the class patriotism, a result to be earnestly sought for. There is too much first-class energy wasted on these third and fourth class causes. Let the boys and girls conserve their sentiments for something more worthy than the passing rivalries of college classes, noble as this may be. We share in Professor Corson's indignation when he said, "There is not much hope for a young man when you see him going around with red paint marking the year of his graduation on the rocks."

Already the Congress and Conference Spring programs, in which our readers will have special interest, are well under way, and we take pleasure in recalling the dates, as follows:

April 26-28, the Iowa State Liberal Congress, at Cedar Rapids.

May 4-6, the Michigan Liberal Mass-Meeting, at Grand Rapids.

May 11-12, the Illinois State Liberal Congress, at Springfield.

May 17-19, Western Unitarian Anniversaries, at Chicago.

Six copies of the *Ethical World*, edited by Staunton Coit, the new weekly started in London with the beginning of the year, is at hand, and we know not where to mate it with a paper that carries the same dignity of matter and beauty of type and general evidence of good workmanship. It is a sixteen-page paper of the same width as this paper, and a few lines longer than THE NEW UNITY. The articles are brief and on most attractive topics, written by men, many of whom have international reputation. The subscription price is ten shillings tenpence to the United States, as elsewhere. It is published by the Ethical World Publishing Company, 17 Johnsons Court, London, E. C.; and S. Burns Weston, 1305 Arch street, Philadelphia, is the American agent. If so much excellence can be sustained in England, it is a reason why we should take heart in America and push on.

As will be seen from the official call elsewhere, the Illinois State Liberal Congress convenes at Springfield, May 10-11. Mr. Joseph Leizer, the resident Rabbi of the Jewish congregation, in connection with the officers, is busy at work in developing programs. Already the plans are sufficiently advanced to warrant the announcement that ex-Senator Palmer will give the welcoming word. Dr. Thomas will preach the sermon on Wednesday night. On Thursday morning the papers and discussion will gather around the topic of "Church in Everyday Life;" in the afternoon, "How to Teach Religion to the Young." Among the others who have already promised to be in attendance are Revs. Stolz, Jacobson, and Jones, of Chicago; Douthit, of Shelbyville; Byrnes, of Geneseo; Marsh, of Peoria; many of the outlying counties still to be heard from. It will be an occasion for carrying the word of hospitality and of morals to headquarters, the capital city of the state. We hope that the readers of THE NEW UNITY throughout the State will take interest and see to it that there is a good attendance. We will do what we can to advertise the meeting beforehand and to report it afterwards.

It is unsafe to comment upon current events in a weekly paper in these exciting times, for no one knows what a day may bring forth. At present writing there seems to us less justification than ever for precipitating war except so much as is necessary to send bread to the starving. Any overtures from the Spanish side should be welcomed as one more opportunity for the spirit of wisdom, which is ever the spirit of peace, to work. Will some one briefly answer these queries furnished by a correspondent in these columns? A reversion to these primal problems will help clear the thought in many minds. We will be glad to give space to any one who may have reliable information at hand.

QUERIES.

What were the real and chief grievances of the Cuban insurgents?

What proportion of the inhabitants want freedom from Spanish rule?

What proportion want home rule?

What would be the probable result if the United States compels Spain to give up Cuba?

Mrs. Eliza T. Wilkes, the tireless missionary, could not remain idle long after her return from her years of campaigning on the Californian coast. In the *Pacific Unitarian* for April, we learn of how she is finding her opportunity again in the old field, with Sioux Falls, Dak., as a center. Luverne, Minn., and other mission points are profiting by her visits. It is out of the wisdom of her missionary experience that she says:

I find a growing distaste for all the theological discussion which was so active five years ago; and unless ministers prove that they have something vital to human needs to offer, something better than pointing out the errors of orthodoxy, the people have little interest in their message. Sociological questions are the ones now up for discussion, and the interest in psychic research has absorbed the old controversies on future punishment, etc. If we had $10,000 to-morrow with which to resume our church and start activities, we could not raise a

ripple in this community unless we had a clear voice of authority calling, "Ho, every one that thirsteth! come ye to the waters!" "We are come that ye might have life, more abundant life!"

Sectarianism is lifeless, even Unitarian*ism* has no attractions. We had not taught this community that Unitarianism meant larger, fuller, freer life, hence the result. Lack of money will not kill any church that has real life. We had been too self-centered, have had too little of what the sociologists are talking now, *soul consciousness.*

We print in our Liberal Field the periodical report of the "Ladies' Commission on Reading for Sunday Schools," which has been issued from time to time for many years. We fear the lists are not so much observed as they deserve to be, but we continue to give them the publicity of our columns, believing that they represent most excellent work, and that the lists have great practical value to parents and teachers.

Already people are beginning to think of what they are going to do with their vacations. A few things are becoming pretty well proven by the experience of the competent in regard to vacations in general, among which are the following: 1. Vacations are a necessity. The continuous strain must be relieved. There is no economy in unintermitting toil. 2. Idleness is no vacation. One cannot do nothing if he tries. Action is the condition of life. 3. Mere sightseeing is exhaustive. The chaser after a sensation, the seeker after novelty is likely to miss the vacation. 4. The best rest to a weary mind is a little healthy mental growth, doing the new thing, making new wood. These conclusions are fundamental in the philosophy of the Tower Hill Summer School, preparations for which are well in hand. As in preceding years, it will be a two weeks' school in literature and science. It will be held August 14-28, inclusive. The evenings will be given in the main to the study of sociology in fiction; the forenoons to the study of poetry as helps to high living, special attention being given to the short poems of great poets and the higher notes of minor poets. The afternoons will be given to science and to drives, special attention being given to forestry. The three Sundays will in a general way be given to: 1. The Gospel of Culture. 2. The Word of Religion to the Young. 3. The Annual Grove Meeting, a Congress of Religions in miniature. Full announcement will be made in due time.

"And there I stood, Aunt Susan," said Miss Porter's long-winded nephew, who had been droning on about his summer in Switzerland, for some hours since the old lady's eyes had begun to droop,—"and there I stood, Aunt Susan, with the abyss yawning in front of me." "William," said Aunt Susan, speaking as one who had long kept silence, "was that abyss a-yawning before you got there, or did it begin afterward?"

"The Benares Parliament of Religions in 1900."

"A SUGGESTION."

A copy of the *Buddhist*, published at Colombo, in the island of Ceylon, under date of March 4th, is before us. The second page is given to an announcement under the above caption, which is a surprise to us as it will be to our readers. Doubtless the suggestion will provoke a smile on many a face, a smile ending with an accent of distrust and, perchance, of dissent and disgust. But it is well for those who will greet it thus to remember that such smiles and such accents waited upon the earlier suggestion of the Parliament of Religions in Chicago. It seemed to many, if not to most people, at the time, the wildest of wild dreams. Indeed, in its realization, it was the crudest of crude things, judged by the standards of scholarship and of artistic proportions. Who at this distance dares say that this "suggestion" of a meeting in the Orient may not contain possibilities as startling and as potent? One thing is true—there are the millions of lives in Asia shot through and through with human weaknesses and human aspirations, distracted and torn by inadequate religious ideas and ideals. Some time a better day must dawn and that day will dawn only by the letting in of the light of comparative study and fraternal interchange. We print the whole of the announcement.

The very fact that on the other side of the globe such a proclamation has been made is of itself profoundly interesting. That it is an echo of the Chicago Parliament is of itself one of the largest compliments ever paid to the Chicago Parliament. Who knows but what Dharmapala may achieve among the Orientals in his way and in their way what Doctor Barrows did among the Occidentals in his way and in their way. One thing is sure, that the Parliament of Religions could not have been realized in Chicago had it not been for the timely contribution of the requisite amount of money. Everybody now knows that such money was well invested. We know of no better way of spending five thousand in a great missionary enterprise than in helping bring to fruition such a parliament as is here suggested. But this is the message that is being distributed from Colombo. We leave our readers to study it and to draw their own conclusion, and in due time tell us what they think of it:

It was proposed at the closing sessions of the Chicago Parliament to hold another Parliament of Religions in the holy city of Benares, the center of two great religions of the world, Buddhism and Brahmanism. Although Buddhism has been destroyed by the ravages of conquering armies of Islam, and is no longer a living religion in India, yet Benares is still sacred to the five hundred millions of Buddhists. It was to Benares that the Buddha came to preach the doctrine of Enlightenment. At the Deer Park the present Sarnath, the hallowed spot, where the Blessed one preached the sermon on the foundation of the Empire of Truth, is still marked by a

commemorative *stupa*. Imperishable associations connected with the life and ministry of the All Merciful One abound in and near about Benares. To the two hundred millions of Hindus, Benares is the door to *Swarga* where the dying devotees get their admission to the blissful heaven of the great and lesser gods of the Brahmanical pantheon. The thousands of men and women who come daily to wash away their sins in the waters of the sacred Ganges present an interesting spectacle to the student of psychology in giving an insight to the study of human nature, influenced by the myriads of years of simple devotion, associated with the priestly institutions of the most venerable confederation of ecclesiastical religion. The following description of the Benares of to-day, by the author of the "Light of Asia," is taken from "India Revisited:"

Benares—the Oxford and the Canterbury of India in one—has been a city of sanctity and learning ages out of mind. Kapila taught the Sānkhya philosophy here, Gautama the Nyaya system, and Panini elaborated his Sanskrit Grammar, although, indeed, the orthodox Brahmans believe that the famous work came straight from the gods centuries before a stone was laid of any Aryan city. Benares, as it stood in ancient days on and about Sarnāth, was certainly older than Alexander of Macedon, for its importance and large population drew thither the great teacher of Buddhism, Prince Siddartha, when he had finished his meditations near Gya. Fanciful devotees love to derive its name from Vārānasi, "The Excellent Waters," as though the broad Ganges which laves its temples and ghāts gave the appellation. But this comes undoubtedly from the two streams, Barna and Asi, which bound it on the north and south, and run into the great river.

There are 200,000 souls in the capital of "Kasi," which sits on a high bank sloping abruptly to the water, and is built principally of Chanār freestone, a material that gives a gray and subdued hue to its long sweeping crescent of ghāts, temples, stairways, and quays; to a Hindu's eye the noblest and holiest panorama in the world.

No one, indeed, who has ever gazed upon that vast hill of hallowed architecture, can afterwards forget the aspect of the sacred city—as it rises from the shore of the Ganges in a league-long front of countless shrines and crowded bathing places. The best plan is to take boat and pass along the broad channel from Tulsi to Ram Ghāt and back again. The city presents to the view one unbroken bank of pinnacles, shrines, pillared mandirs, chaityas, pilgrim houses, towers, sacred trees, images, altars, and flights of spacious steps. Every other spot in this chaos of consecrated sights is the scene of some reputed miracle, ancient or modern. At Rao Sahib Ghāt, for instance, lies a vast effigy of Bhima, which, if you believe the Brahmans, is annually washed away by the river, to be brought punctually back again. At the Kedar Ghāt is the wonderful "Well of Gauri," which will cure all diseases, particularly dysentery. In a tank close by is the Mansarovar Stone, which grows daily by the breadth of a millet-seed. At Bhairava Ghāt they sell peacock fans, warranted to wave away all evil spirits; hard by is a goddess with a silver face, who infallibly protects from small-pox; and between the Bisheshwar Temple and a mosque which Aurungzebe the Destroyer, made out of shattered Hindu and Buddhist temples, is the Dnyan Kup, or "Well of Knowledge," a fetid, dark hole, full of decaying votive wreaths, where Shiva himself has the ill-taste to dwell. Then comes the shrine of Annapurna, Goddess of Plenty, who never allows famine to visit Benares; and Shunkareshwar's chapel, where wives pray successfully for handsome boys; together with the supremely holy Mani Varnika, a spot at which Devi the Divinest One dropped her earring in the well, and Charanpadak, where the feet of Vishnu have plainly impressed a circular slab rising from the pavement. These are but a very few amid the perfect wilderness of consecrated localities, thronging and jostling each other along the steep northern rim of the river, tier rising over tier in a confused mass of domes, spires, arches, halls, and walls, making up a silvery, sun-lighted eminence of masonry, brick-work, and stucco, diversified with all sorts of colors, with red or blue, and bronzed, lacquered and gilt cupolas—with palaces, some new and splendid, some mouldering and shabby—Nepalese, Jain, and Muslim edifices mingling strange elements with the prodigious *mèlange* of Hindu architecture."

The student of Psychology, Ethnology and Sociology will be given a unique opportunity of seeing the power of religion on the human mind, and its observations when influenced by psychological problems of heaven and hell. India is an asylum for religious enthusiasts, devotees, and the religiously insane.

The Religious Parliament of 1893 was held at the slaughter-house of Christendom by the people of America, and the proposed Parliament will be held at the sanctum of the religious world of Asia, which occupies the unique position as a contrast to all other cities in the world as a city where no slaughtering of animals is allowed. To bring about a consummation of this great object, it is only possible if the scientific and philosophical societies of Europe, Asia, America, and Australia would co-operate with the Maha Bodhi Society.

It is hoped that the Mahrrajas of the several Indian territories will afford every possible help to make this proposed Parliament a success. Twenty-one hundred years ago the illustrious emperor, Asoka, immortalized himself by convening a religious congress of the several different religious sects to found a system of life and thought that would suit civilized society. The mighty emperor was successful in his efforts in as much as he had sent to all parts of the world religious embassies, emphasizing the fact that religion consists not in dogmatic belief and ceremonial observances, but in generous deeds of mercy, truthfulness, charity, and forgiveness.

The sessions of the Parliament will be continued, if possible, for thirty days, there being three sessions each day. Vedic Brahmanism, Jainysm, Zoroastrianism, Buddhism, Judaism, Confucianism, Taoism, Shintoism, Vishnāvism, Saivism, Christianity, Mohammedanism, Sikhism, Brahmo-Samajism, are the religions that will be asked to participate on the platform of the proposed Congress. A committee of scientific psychologists will be asked to investigate into the merits of each religion, whose practical ethics will be tested by the laws of psychology. Religion will be investigated by the laws of noble conduct and science. It will be a unique assembly never before witnessed, as it will be the means of testing religious ethics. Theoretical ecclesiastics will be asked to give a practical demonstration of the ethics that their founders had promulgated. It is not an exhibition of ecclesiastical vestments and church paraphernalia that is required, but the application of rules of life. It is Truth that is wanted, and the proposed Parliament of Religions will not be contented by a legerdemain exhibition of psychological superstition. Truth is silent before Ignorance, but science obtains an answer.

It is in all earnestness and sincerity that the Maha Bodhi Society proposes to hold this unique assembly with the aid of possessors of truth and searchers of truth in different parts of the world.

A special pavilion should be built at a convenient spot in Benares for holding the sessions; Scientists, Orientalists, and religious ascetic have to be invited, and this requires the "sinews of war." To all who love Truth we send this appeal, trusting that they would give their support to bring about a consummation of this glorious and cherished project which emanated from the loving heart of the general secretary of the Chicago Parliament of Religions.

All who are interested in the work may put themselves in communication with Jenkin Lloyd Jones, pastor All Souls church, Langley avenue, Chicago, Ill., U. S. A., and *Anagārika* H. Dharmapala General Society Maha Bodhi Society, 2 Creek Row, Calcutta, India, to whom contributions for the Benares Religious Parliament Fund may be sent. Acknowledgments will be made in the *Maha Bodhi Journal* (Calcutta). A sum of about five thousand dollars is required for expenses. On the plan of work, etc., criticism is invited.

"Josiar," said Mrs. Corntossel, "would you fight ef they was a war?" "Yes, sir-ree," was the earnest reply; "every time." "An' git up in the gray dawn to the sound of a bugle an' not make any fuss cause ye didn't hev nothin' but hard tack fur breakfas'?" "Course." "Well, I'm glad to hear it. Ef ye'er willin' to do that, ye surely won't have no fault ter fin' 'bout gettin' up at six o'clock ter-morrow mornin' an' lightin' the fire, so's I kin cook ye some pancakes that wouldn't be despised by nobody."

No woman is so bad but we may rejoice when her heart thrills to love, for then God has her by the hand.—*Barrie.*

Notes By E. P. Powell.

The changed position occupied by colored men in America is best illustrated by the general public comment on the death of such men as Blanch. K. Bruce and John M. Langston. We hardly recall the death of any of our public men that has been more lamented than the loss of these two admirable representatives of true humanity. Mr. Cuney, of Texas, was less known than either Langston or Bruce, but in state affairs he had obtained a position hardly second to that of any white man. Note also the wonderful popularity of Booker T. Washington with all classes. He marks a stride ahead of the class represented by Douglass, Bruce, and Langston.

Henry C. Adams, in the *Atlantic*, discussing the Interstate Commerce Commission, says: "Had it been possible for the courts to have rendered their assistance heartily and without reserve, there is reason to believe that pernicious discrimination in railway service, and the unjust charges for transportation would now have been, in large measure, a thing of the past. As it is, the most significant chapter in the history of the Interstate Railway Commission pertains to its persistent endeavors to work out some *modus vivendi*, without disturbing the dignity of the judiciary." We hope that the history of the twentieth century will not repeat that of the nineteenth, in which we have been called upon, from the days of Jefferson to those of McKinley, to get along with "judicial dignity." The business of the courts is not to overrule legislation but to enforce the laws.

The Boston *Pilot* gives us the following sample of good Christian fellowship: "Few non-Catholics understand the teaching of the Catholic church on the question of salvation outside her visible boundaries. They do not realize that she claims, as belonging to her soul, all the just, however seemingly separated from her. Those who profess in good faith another form of belief, and faithfully follow the moral law, must be saved, although they have gone through life not knowing their true spiritual mother." This is not only generous, but it is Christlike. We respond to our Catholic brother, that although he does not belong in our private fold, he is truly a candidate for salvation of the sort that we ourselves enjoy now and expect hereafter.

Our honored friend, Samuel J. Barrows, writes just as we expected he would about the Immigration Restriction bill, which has passed the Senate, but will probably be stayed in the House. He is heartily and thoroughly opposed to the bigotry and superficiality of such legislation. He says: "The immigrants who would be excluded are those from Greece, Russia, Austria, Hungary, Italy, and Portugal. The people of all these nations, who have not had the advantage of learning to read and write, are to be kept out of the United States, under the cool and astounding assumption that only the undesirable are excluded. There is not one of the nations mentioned that would not be justified in protesting against a measure devised to prevent its citizens from coming to the United States. Thousands of peoples from these nations have become honest, industrious, and patriotic citizens." It might be added that these nations would be warranted in retaliatory legislation, damaging the United States in its commercial or other foreign relations. That is precisely where the United States is now suffering from other selfish legislation.

Mr. Barrows says, that if those who are in earnest about improving the character and condition of our laboring classes would join to enforce laws, prohibiting landlords from keeping unhealthy tenements, would study the deep, social, economical questions involved, and would turn their attention to the problem of distributing immigration instead of restricting it, the United States would make more progress than by compelling immigrants to read or write twenty-five words of the Constitution of the United States. Massachusetts would do well if she would leave Mr. Lodge at home and put Barrows into the Senate.

Rev. Dr. Boardman, writing of Liberalism among Congregationalists, says that "it requires the acceptance, in good and regular standing in orthodox churches, of those who hold to an economic trinity, those who deny the fall of Adam, those who deny the sacrificial atonement, those who explain regeneration as education, and those who hold to universal salvation." All this is hopeful. And we can't help saying, it is far better than if these classes were cast out as heathen. If those who are in the van nowadays stop to rest, they find themselves in the rear.

An Italian paper gives us some very interesting answers of school children to the questions, "What is Life?" and "What is Death?" To the first question, among the other answers were the following: "Life is a thing which is never extinguished." "Life is an invisible thing, which vanishes when it likes, and never returns." "Life is a paradise." "Life is beautiful." To the question, "What is Death?" we get the replies: "Death is a pure spirit." "Death is a thing what when I die pulls my feet." "Death is a thing one never sees again, never again." To the question, "Are you afraid of dying?" twenty-one boys gave no reply. Sixty-two,

including seven girls, answered, "No;" but all the rest, which was a large majority, replied, "Yes." Among the specific answers were, "I am not afraid of dying, because I wish to see my parents again." "I am not afraid of dying, because it is a thing sent by God." "I am not afraid of dying, because I am healthy, and have no disease." "I am afraid of death, because it is so ugly." "I am afraid of dying, because when one is dead, one cannot see the man gathering grapes." One replied, "I should like to die at eighty-two years, with my parents at my side." A boy of thirteen said, "I should like to die all alone, leaving no brother or anybody else on earth."

The Dingley tariff has at last produced a surplus for the month of February. But the real question with the people is, not whether a tariff can produce sufficient revenue, but whether the Congress of the United States will not increase its expenditures faster than taxation can keep up with it. At the present rate of increase in national expenditures, the people will be compelled, by 1930, to pay in direct or indirect taxes, $1,000,000,000. Instead of straining every nerve to keep up with its extravagance, the people should demand a return to rational economy, proportionate to that which was practiced before the Civil War. Nor does it make one whit difference to us who pay the taxes, whether we pay them by direct or indirect method. Every dollar that Congress spends, or appropriates, is a dollar out of the people.

It gives us no small pleasure to say that we have never wavered in NEW UNITY, in advocating the warmest friendship for Great Britain. It is sheer nonsense for a republic to look for cordial friendship from despotic governments. England is a monarchy only in name. It is nearly as republican as the United States. Besides, England was the mother country, and now it is the brother country. This we say with intense satisfaction, when we read the warmth of sympathy expressed in the English Parliament for the United States in its combat with a bloodthirsty neighbor.

Our postal service meets a deficit of about $13,000,000 this year; last year, $12,000,000. This service was intended to be self-sustaining, and it might easily be so. But we find a great deficiency owing to three causes: First, the mails are loaded down with second-class matter, costing $43,000,000 to transmit, and paying only $3,000,000; second, the mails are burdened with tons of political matter, sent out by Congressmen under frank, without paying a dime for it; this matter consisting mainly of documents of a campaigning sort, for which the people in general ought not to be compelled to be taxed; third, the railroads are paid by the government an excessive charge for postal cars, and transport far beyond that which is paid by private corporations. One company receives $3,000 per mile for carrying mails between New York and Buffalo, which is more than the interest on the cost of a double track road between those two cities. Experts report that if the government owned its own postal cars and paid its own haulage and storage, it would still save 40 per cent. of the present expense.

It is said that some one has invented a chair that can be adjusted to six hundred different positions for a man to sit in while at church, but when that man takes his boy to church, he is expected to sit still. Perhaps there are too many adjustments in the chair. One favorable to the sleeping position might suffice for the man. These chairs would doubtless be too expensive for ordinary church use. Perhaps the demand for them might be avoided by getting a little more action into the brain of the preacher.

The absolute agony which the organs of plutocracy manifest for the preservation of peace, is something that we take no interest in. There are times now, as in the last century, when "men may cry peace, peace, but there is no peace." It is all true enough that the bondholders require no breach of peace with Spain. But what is that relation which we have borne to Spain for the last two years? It is nothing less than the position of participant in the criminal assault upon a weak neighbor. We have allowed Spain free stint in aggression upon the Cubans, which we would not have endured ourselves for one hour. It is by no means pleasant to read in the *Independent* that "We have now no cause for war with Spain. She has inaugurated a new and more humane policy in Cuba, and we have promised to wait and see the results of it. The time may come when we shall feel that we can wait no longer." This is pure twaddle. We have promised nothing of the sort—that is, the real American people have not.

The preparation of a constitution for the United States of Australia is now in process. It has been decided to establish a federal government, located in federal territory, as has been done in this country. It has also been decided that free trade shall be established in the colonies, precisely as our fathers found it necessary in drawing up a constitution for the United States. This will finally be found essential in the great and growing federation of all Anglo-Saxon nations. We leave it to the political economists to discuss whether it will be possible to go farther, and create a federation of all civilized nations on any other basis. On the whole, the new commonwealth seems likely to be considerably patterned after our own, and largely capable of fraternal action.

Mr. Buckman, in the *Interior*, argues strongly that the general establishment of public libraries, and their use by reading people, tends to a demoralization of the literary sentiment. He adds also that the tendency is overwhelmingly in favor of the increased use of fiction by readers between fifteen and thirty. Of course the library can have little control over this matter. But we are sure that it is but a narrow view of the case, which does not take in the growing tendency to demand short stories in place of the long-winded novel of the early part of the century. Worse, perhaps, is the habit established of superficially skimming a great many books, rather than reading and falling in love with a few. There is nothing like owning a few books till they become our friends.

The Liberal Congress.

Hospitable to all forms of thought: Everyone Responsible for His Own.

The Laplander's Song.

Fly, my reindeer fleet,
  Over hill and plain!
  On my love's domain
Waits thee welcome sweet;
Stores of moss there sleep
Neath the snow-drifts deep.

Ah! So short the day,
  And the way so long!
  Haste thou with my song!
Let me flee away!
Here no peace is found,
Only wolves abound.

Mark yon eagle's flight:
  Blest be wings indeed!
  See yon cloudlet speed!
Were I on its height,
Might I thee survey
Smiling far away;—

Thee! whose image mild
  Quick this heart o'ercame:
  As with reindeer tame
Harness we the wild!
Swift as torrents roll
Moves to thee my soul.

All the night and day
  Since my eyes met thine,
  Myriad thoughts are mine;
Manifold are they,
Yet are they but one,—
That I thee may own.

Shouldst thou coyly hide
  By the valley's stone,
  Or with reindeer flown
To the pineland glide,
Vain retreating thine,—
Vanish stone and pine.

Fly, my reindeer kind
  On long mission bent!
  By my sweetheart's tent
Thou repose shalt find;
Beds of moss lie low
Neath the drifted snow.

Translated from "Franzen" by CLEMENT B. SHAW.

Hope.

Says Amiel: "At bottom everything depends upon the presence or absence of one single element in the soul—hope. All the activity of man, all his efforts, and all his enterprises presuppose a hope in him of attaining an end. Once kill this hope and his movements become senseless, spasmodic, and convulsive, like those of some one falling from a height."

How true to life is the old fabled Pandora! Pandora was a beautiful female, endowed by the gods with a box filled with blessings which humanity would have continued to enjoy, if curiosity had not prompted her to open the box, when out flew all the blessings—except hope. Deprive a man of home, of friends, of all material riches; but if you leave him hope he is still rich; rich in the truest sense of the word. Hope is life; hopelessness is death. A hopeful man is a happy man. His presence is an inspiration; his smile a benediction. He infuses you with new life, and lifts the whole man up on to a higher plane. Hope makes the eye brighten, the face flush, the pulse to become stronger, and the heart to throb with a more manful beat. A hopeless life! 'tis a sad and gloomy experience. The man without hope can see no light upon the cloud, no dawn beyond the night, no calm beyond the storm. He often treads the gloom of hell; he seldom walks the heights of heaven, for with him—

Grief is dark, and care is sharp,
And life wears on so wearily.

What more pathetic than Tom Hood's lines:

One more unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
  Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death;
  The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver;
  But not the dark arch,
Or the dark flowing river.
  Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,
  Swift to be hurled—
Anywhere, anywhere
  Out of the world.

Here is a clipping from a Denver paper, issued the last of 1897.

The records at the police station show that during the year now about to close, there were fifty-four suicides and eleven murders in or near Denver. Comparatively, this record is a light one, although abstractly considered, it is heavy and black

Why do people commit suicide? One reason, I take it, is—hopelessness. On the heart of every such unfortunate is writ the word, "despair." They have tried, and failed; tried again, and failed; and, finally, have given up in despair. Having lost all faith in the reality and goodness of the world, they see no meaning to life. It is undoubtedly true that the pessimistic spirit of the age is largely due to wrong social conditions; but are there not other causes at work? Is not this hopeless, pessimistic state of mind a personal affair; something that could often be remedied by the individual himself? Man is not altogether a creature of circumstances. He has something to say as to whether he will live under a cloud or bask in the sunshine. Pessimism is due often to a gastric disorder or rebellion of the liver. Says Francis Power Cobb: "A liver complaint causes the universe to be enshrouded in gray; and the gout covers it with an inky pale, and makes us think our best friends little better than fiends in disguise. A whole treatise would be needed to expound how our thoughts are further distempered by food, beverages of various kinds, and narcotics of great variety."

There needs to be preached to-day, in all our cities, and from one end of the country to the other, a new gospel of health. Preachers have told us what we must do to be saved. We need teachers that will tell us what we must do to be made *sane*. Sanity, not salvation, is what we need. The individual must stop croaking. The world cares not to know whether you have earache, headache, heartache, or any other kind of an ache. He must learn to meet his friends with a smile and a hearty "How do you do?" He must stop whining, and go to work, and help make life pleasant for all around. The way to be happy is to make others happy. Do n't find so much fault; find a remedy. Point out the better way; show how valuable and strong it is to walk in this way. Put back the shutters. Let the sunshine enter. Give forth light and cheer and hope. Recount the good things done, the progress

made the joy of victory won, rather than the dismal howl of defeat and despair. Let us unite our scattered forces, and work together for the common good. Let us feel that we are alive; not on our knees, not cringing, not creeping, but walking on our feet, erect, unflinching. Let us aid each other, and grow strong by each other's help. "Think that life, from the beginning to the end, is a struggle, a *glorious* struggle," and that "the effort to win the conflict, and show yourself a man, is what gives life its purpose." Let us do our best and hope the best. The consolation of the world is—Hope.

GEO. N. FALCONER.

Fort Collins, Colo.

"The Total Eclipse of 1896."

It was with a distinct feeling of regret that the audience gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henrotin to hear Mrs. Mabel Loomis Todd's last lecture in the course on Japan. The lecturer gave a very perfect picture of the vessel which bore them to their destination, the boat itself being the largest sailing vessel afloat. Her humorous description of how astronomy soon began to assert its ascendency over all minor matters, such as the dainty decorations of a woman's boudoir, brought the ready laugh to many a lip. Capacious cabinets with drawers were made to set in against the wall spaces, under the bed, in all available places, while on top of the dresser was nailed a box containing some of the precious instruments to be used at the eclipse station in the wilds of Northern Yezzo.

A very interesting description was given of the mathematical calculations during long past ages and of the tolerably accurate foretelling of eclipses even at that early day. The longest duration of a total eclipse known is eight minutes, and the length of time occupied by this one of 1896, total in Japan, was two and one-half minutes. The speaker contrasted her own agony of spirit lest the day should remain cloudy, with the calm of her astronomer, directing all matters with as much expedition and presence of mind as if the absence of clouds were an assured fact. Then when all was in readiness, a hush like that preceding the moment of creation seemed to fall upon the world. The absolute silence itself was sublime, producing an effect of awe indescribable. On the part of the animal creation it was doubtless the silence of terror, for now a darkness so intense came over all that nearby objects were indistinguishable in the gloom. At length the corona began to cast its exquisite prismatic colors upon the earth, a beautiful lemon tint making all it touched seem a part of some wondrously beautiful fairyland. A few seconds more, and it was all over, the gray old world being once more flooded with light. One most interesting result of these observations was the unmistakable fact of the presence of the X-ray, something unknown or unnoticed before during total eclipses.

The lecture, so full of new and interesting information, was fittingly closed by a description of the departure of the vessel from Japan to the inspiring strains of "Nancy Lee"—the specialsea song of the "Comet"—played by Japanese bands, and the murmured good-byes in Japanese by the Americans as they sailed away with many regrets from a land which had grown so dear to them through pleasant experiences and beautiful visions. B. L. GORTON.

The Word of the Spirit.

"Get thee up into the high mountain; lift up thy voice with strength: be not afraid

Browning's Dramatic Method.

BY HENRY JUSTIN SMITH.

Our poet has enriched and broadened dramatic art. Enriched it by the action of his potent individuality upon existing art forms; broadened it by the establishment of new forms. The latter were bound to come, for here was a large, strenuous, unique spirit striving to find vesture. It bore conventional garb with ill grace; so, fashioned it as far as possible after its own outlines, and ended by flinging aside the old and by constructing a new. Hence, we discover in Browning's poetry a rare medley of conventional methods adorned, and methods "now first set forth," of which three rise with pre-eminent significance, in startling outline. These shall be successively treated in this paper.

THE METHOD OF MONOLOGUE.—The overpowering individuality of the poet has resulted, first, in a distinct type of dramatic poem, termed the "dramatic monologue." It might, with equal truth, be designated the "dramatic recital," for its ultimate value is recitative. It is the representation of a sequence of events, or a life history, presenting or implying a decisive stage, and forecasting a subsequent course of action. It is also a revelation of character, a thorough psychic and physical analysis of a life, or the interaction of a group of lives. It therefore embodies a blend of incident-interest and character-interest; in terms of fiction, a fusion of the distinctive content of romance and novel. The monologue is, therefore, an advanced type of versified fiction. I cannot regard it as other than this. Grant that it may be resolved into a mechanically complete drama, all ready for the stage; so, also, may any work of fiction respectably provided with incident, be reconstructed. I hold that the "dramatic monologue," in a majority of cases, might be most effectively converted into prose fiction; that its real basis is story-telling, rather than scenic representation.

But, of course, the form we have is monologue. The subject-matter is unfailingly given by a single personage, and that one either the central figure of the plot or the one next of rank, as it were. The monologue tends to become a matter of subjective analysis, although this analysis is rarely conscious or intentional. There is voiced at times a boast, at times a confession, at times an apathetic estimate of self; analysis is fundamental. From this the monologue derives a peculiar value. Every man, at some hour in his career, is his own truest critic. Your sympathetic friend does his level best, and the world accepts his judgment in lieu of your own, supposed awry. But it remains true that in each individual soul a crucial moment of experience weighs and values the previous experience, without kindly reserve, with absolute accuracy and definiteness. To apprehend this crucial moment, and to extract its measure of appreciation, depreciation, stimulus, is essential in any given life. And to apprehend it in the case of an imagined experience, and give forth the inspiration of the interpretation,

I take to be a chief function of this division of Browning's dramatic method.

The normal and typical monologue* therefore sets forth, with all the vividness of rigid compression, rich imagery, and intensely vitalized diction, a supremely expressive and analytic moment of the central individual's experience. It may be the sublime moment, as in the case of the dying bishop; it may be a determinant and most characteristic moment, as with our noble connoisseur of crime and art; it may be a mere mood, which yet reveals the depths of a character, or a mere outburst of passion, which shows the individual off his guard and importantly confidential. Whatever the situation seized for the monologue, it is given the properties of a water-glass, or,—if the simile be not harsh—a Crookes tube. How carefully all the other elements and functions of the monologue are subordinated. We have always the past, with its content of crime, aspiration, romance, what not. We have the present—time, place, actors, situation, action; the last in full, even to gesture and facial expression. We have the future in more or less conjectural terms. But all these elements of completeness, rendering the monologue a true narrative, supplying the halo of relations termed "atmosphere," are employed purely in behalf of this single state of mind through which we perceive character. The monologue triumphs here. And its triumph makes impressive this principle: If you would know yourself, watch for the crucial moment of revelation, and make it yours.

It is almost too obvious to need mention, that the fundamental principle of art in the monologue is suggestion. The monologuist suggests, no less by his verbal manner than his content of speech, his present state of mind, and through this his nature and career. His allusions suggest the character of his associates, reveal time, place, and action, and forecast subsequent developments, both immediate and remote. It is a method of suggestion, pure and simple. And that Browning imparts thereto an unexampled intensity and potency, is again almost superfluous to note. When we consider the range of thought and action—a life history, as indicated—that is massed in a single minute section of verse, in a single phrase, in a single ejaculation, we must hold the purely artistic force of the monologue to be extraordinary.

From the author's point of view, the monologue is exclusively an outgrowth of the esoteric impulse. It was brought into being by the exigencies which Browning's individuality imposed on his art; it now appears as a perfect accommodation of the external to the internal. The form perfectly fits the matter. More than that: the matter *is* the form; the latter *lives* the former. There is here no more distinguishing between an idea and the word for it, than there is in our inmost psychical conceptions, where thought is identical with expression. It is impossible to consider a single line or phrase of a monologue for itself; we reach the thought unconsciously and inevitably. This art-form embodies the finest results of the esoteric impulse rightly directed, viz., a new formal type of poetic expression, absolutely one with the poet's tendency and purpose, embodying the free expression and entire self-reliance of the soul.

*E.g., "My Lost Duchess."

THE METHOD OF IDEALISM.—The second division of Browning's dramatic method is based on a principle which he has made universal and dominant throughout his poetry. It is, moreover, as complete an innovation in the theory of art as the monologue is in the realm of mechanical art-forms. The method of idealism embodies, like the other, an absolute defiance of convention, and an assertion of the individual self. It batters down the method of straightforward, connected, progressive exposition, and substitutes a variety of non-structural indeterminate illumination. Here the idea creates the form, and completely permeates it. If idea says, "Let there be structure," there is structure; if not, there is none, the poem is mechanically formless. This is merely to say that the author's individuality is omnipresent in the form, and is master.

One must expect, then, to find poems without actual beginning or end, without mechanical progression, climax, or forecast. And this is precisely what we do find. How, then, is a given poem kept from lapsing into an incongruous and shambling mass of fancies and comments? I think it is done by a type of progression, which is not a surface matter, but a deep-laid expressive force. I may term it "graded intensity of emphasis." Take "A Woman's Last Word." Externally, the poem seems a mere repeated attack upon a single thought, with a view to illumination; a revelation of new phases, with a swift alteration of the view-point. But is this all? I think there is a definite progression of emphasis from the first stanza to the eighth, which I take to be the climax of the piece. We have first a simple dependent intimation of the central thought. This is intensified in each succeeding stanza by the introduction of more and more significant images, and the evident heightening of feeling in the speaker. In verse eight appears the culmination of both these tendencies, and the sudden unfolding of the idea. I cannot regard this phenomenon as accidental, or as produced with any intention other than to present a distinct, coherent gradation of emphasis for poetic effect.

The exterior semblance of the idealistic poem, therefore, but faintly portrays its real nature. Instead of agile, inconsequential restatement only, there is a perceptible *advancement* of interest and intensity. We may observe, also, a consistent development of purpose. I make out these two distinct processes: the process of intensity just described, and a process of revelation, by which the growth and full significance of the poem's message is made plain. Not that this divides any given poem into two separate sections, one following the other. Rather, the two processes go in company, the process of revelation taking place in a more recondite channel of thought than the other. The condition is not true of all poems governed by the idealistic principle; indeed, their variety, both external and internal, is so great as scarcely to permit generalization. But I believe that in a poem governed by the purest and most mature type of idealism—e. g., "A Woman's Last Word"—we shall discover the presence of these two subtle processes, and by close analysis we may follow each to the end, and extract from each a peculiar element of force.

The artistic efficacy of the idealistic method

resides in the suspense which it entails, and the notable degree in which it makes suggestion predominate. The full nature of the idea, the complete significance of the dramatic situation, does not appear until "the poet's last word;" in any case, not until a late stage of the poem. This double suspense, inner and outer, has its usual peculiar and unmatched effect upon the reader. As to suggestion, this seems to be the prime force of the idealistic method, as applied to the actual working out of a poem. Since the idea must not be presented in a straightforward, deductive fashion, and since reiterated heralding of an idea constitutes an absurd offense against art, the natural reliance is upon suggestion. The poet must illuminate from a distance, and do so by indirect and figurative reference. A manner of suggestion makes its appearance, in a level with that of the monologue in purity and intensity. I need hardly mention examples, to show how universally this is true of Browning's idealistically conceived poems.

Some interesting and effective poetic qualities result from the employment of the idealistic method. The elimination of all save fundamental treatment of the central thought gives room for the prominence of some important features. It makes for concentration of power, and the compression of a whole field of thought into minute space. It gives room for a conspicuous display of purely imaginative beauty, the chief reliance for suggestion being upon imagery. Again, it permits an exceptional variety of emphasis, of illumination, and of altered point of view. Finally, the method, as a whole, seems to find natural expression in a peculiarly broken, vivid, and varied manner, a sharp brilliance of effect and an infinite display of contrast. All these manifestations render the idealistic type of poetry notable for power and charm, which result emphasizes its artistic appeal.

THE METHOD OF CORRESPONDENCY.—Comparatively little need be said in comment upon the third division of Browning's dramatic method. It rests upon a poetic principle as old as poetry; for every artist deserving the name has sought to make form *live* matter. Browning has simply applied the principle more universally and more subtly and more perfectly than the others. Every poem he ever wrote exhibits it in greater or less degree. It is, indeed, a natural element of his instinctive poetic scheme. It is the old outbreak of individuality, unrestrained because, in the poet's eyes, to restrain it is a crime. The consistency of this belief makes the outbreak perpetual, and so the principle of correspondency governs the whole of Browning's production.

I have said that this author employs the method more perfectly than his fellows. I mean by this that he is more resourceful and careful in the employment of formal elements. He lets no detail of structure lie idle. The length or brevity of each poem, its metrical plan, the quality of its rhythm, its "tone-color," even the very rhyme-scheme are made to figure forth the thought. It is especially interesting to note what riches of suggestion Browning imposes upon the rhyme. The motive and purpose of a given poem are often so symbolized. "Love in a Life" furnishes an instance. Here aspiration and pursuit are figured in the rhyme-scheme—a, b, c, d; d, a, b, c—this signifying a process of chase consistently carried forward, incomplete, but with possibility of completion.

The method of correspondency, as a whole, is utilized chiefly to suggest the following elements: The sensuous or dramatic background of the poem; the action which takes place; the character most prominently portrayed; the mood of the poet. The first two achievements are so simple and so common to all poets that I need not dwell thereon. I merely adduce as an example of the first "Love among the Ruins," and as examples of the second, "A Grammarian's Funeral" and "Cavalier Tunes." But the exposition of character by this means is more of a rarity, and is, I should say, the most important accomplishment of Browning's correspondency. We may refer again to "A Grammarian's Funeral." Here appears an analysis, by means of diction, rhythm, rhyme, and the general structure of the poem, of the grammarian himself. We glean from these manifestations that he was a strenuous, determined being, in a high state of intellectual development; moral to the point of asceticism, original to the point of eccentricity. It is a rich and piquant individuality, with a bitter-sweet flavor. We learn, moreover, that this individuality imposed upon itself hardships and failures, created harshness without by harshness within, but achieved a measure of earthly victory, and prepared a more glorious victory for life to come. All this, I say, may be derived from the formal elements of the poem. I do not know of any other poet who can give us this much by this means.

THE DRAMATIC METHOD AS A WHOLE.—To summarize, the ethical foundation of Browning's dramatic method is a potent type of esotericism. The tendency and results of the method say to us, Let individuality have unrestrained, to-the-end expression; and let form rest on this alone. The fundamental art-principle of the method is suggestion, the more subtle and figurative the better. And in the actual presentation of thought, the chief reliance is a present, temporary state of mind, through which the past is interpreted and the future determined. It is by forcing these principles into adequate and beautiful service that Browning has enriched and broadened dramatic expression.

Spring.

Again has spring returned with birds and flowers,
  And all things bright and beauteous in her train;
And in my heart no more the sunny hours
  Are dimmed by thoughts of weariness and pain.

No more I sigh for pleasures which have vanished,
  No more I grieve for hope that 's long deferred,
But strive to catch the glory of the present,
  And joy in blessings every day conferred.

Why should our hearts be filled with fear and sorrow,
  With God's unmeasured bounty spread around?
Why should we sigh, impatient for to-morrow,
  While still unfaithful in to-day we 're found?

I know my Heavenly Father's will is perfect,
  I know His tender love embraces all;
And on the heart that 's loving true, and patient,
  A priceless blessing every day must fall.

Sweeter than ever seen the warblers' voices,
  More beautifully fair the opening flowers;
There is a sense beyond my weak expression
  Of all the good that fills this life of ours.

Anew Earth fills her richest and her fairest;
  Anew our hearts, attuned to love, may share
In the warm throbbings of our Mother's bosom,
  And rise on wings of gratitude and prayer.

R. W. PELHAM.

The Study Table.

One Prayer.

The preacher bowed his reverend head
In earnest prayer to Heaven above,
"Father and mother God," he said;
Words from his childlike heart of love.

Sermon, and prayer, and sacred song,
"Brilliant," and "eloquent," were styled,
But only one, in all the throng
Had listened "as a little child."

An erring girl passed out the door,
Whose starving faith four words had fed,
Her lips breathed forth her heart's new lore;
"Father and mother God," she said.

EVELYN D. LOUDON.

The American Review of Reviews for April has a remarkable article on political Germany. There is also a very valuable article on the Swiss government's purchase of the railroads. This purchase was authorized by a Referendum vote of the people. Of the recent assumption of the Supreme Court, of power paramount over the regulation of railroads in the states, the *Review* says: "Under the same principle the Supreme Court must undertake the regulation of street railroad plants, gas companies, and other enterprises of a quasi-public nature." That is, the authorities of the states may reduce charges, and otherwise undertake to regulate these companies, but the Supreme Court may step in to undo their work. Our Legislatures, our State Railroad Commissions, and even our Interstate Commerce Commission, are only subordinate powers, liable to be at any time reviewed, and their decisions reversed by an All-Supreme Court. The Western press, as a whole, comprehends the danger of this encroaching power of centralization. It is the old Hamiltonian negation of States, brought about by a power which was provided for entirely different purposes.

The Literary Digest is stuffed with most important material in every issue. We have quoted from it in another column. No one can more easily get at the nature of the cotton-mill troubles, anti-trust decisions, literary and scientific discussions, as well as religious, any better than by reading the *Digest*. It is almost invaluable.

A bunch of books from the American Book Company lies on my table, all of which are admirably edited, and most of which can be commended in the highest terms. The English Classics, such as Dryden, Shakspere, and Walter Scott, appear in a guise to tempt not only school boys and girls, but advanced readers. Among these are Burke's speech on Conciliation, Carlyle's essay on Robert Burns, Coleridge's Rime of the Ancient Mariner, several essays from Macaulay, Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield, Scott's Ivanhoe, Marmion, Lady of the Lake, and a few of his novels, several of Shakspere's plays, Tennyson's Princess, Webster's Bunker Hill oration, and others quite as excellent. All of these are neatly bound, and admirably printed on most beautiful paper. What is better, in all the list there are few abstracts or selections. Where this is attempted it is carried out with admirable discretion. Readings in Roman history, edited by J. Dorman Steele, has so much in its favor that I am almost inclined to believe it possible to make such books real adjuncts to historical studies. The same may be said of the Story of the Romans, by H. A. Guerber.

The New England Magazine we have come to look upon as something that cannot fall to an average level. It is always above high water mark, and always on the improve. The Editor's Table discusses School Board Reform, and general reorganization of school systems. We have no room to quote sufficient of this discussion to give it a clear presentation to our readers. We only hope that they will make a thorough study of it, for there is no doubt that the coming great question in America is to be the relative position and independence of the school. Mr. Mead quotes from President Draper that "the department should be headed by a superintendent who is an expert in pedagogical science and in administration. He should have absolute power of appointment, and of assignment to the position and removal of teachers, and sufficient assistance to have full and constant knowledge of what is being done in every schoolroom in the city. This board will not be a body dangerous to the liberties of a free people. . . . . The affairs of the school should be wholly separated from municipal business, and the school organization should have no connection whatever with municipal politics." This is none too strong, and involves the principle which we have reiterated in NEW UNITY, that the American school system should be as independent as the church system. This number of the *New England Magazine* gives us, among other admirable articles, one of great beauty, entitled, "Bibles in Stones." "Old-time Factory Life" is a valuable article for comparative study.

If anything can be finer than the April number of the *Century*, in the way of letter-press and illustration, it is in the magnificent quality of the articles as literary products. In my judgment, "A Pennsylvania Colliety Village" is the one article that deserves most extensive reading and careful pondering.

David Starr Jordan has this to say of E. P. Powell's last book on "Nullification and Secession:"

> It is the work of an earnest, vigorous and original man. To a degree rare among writers of history, he has grasped the laws of social evolution, and the volume is largely devoted to the application of these laws to the period of social fermentation in our country, which resulted in the abolition of slavery and the permanent establishment of the Federal Union.
>
> The volume is especially rich in quotations from the utterances of the earlier statesmen. These views and opinions, arranged in orderly sequence, tell much of the story of American social evolution.
>
> From Hamilton's declaration that "popular governments must certainly be overturned, and while they endure prove engines of mischief," to the belief that "government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth," there is certainly great progress in the idea of democracy. The dangers and difficulties which beset the Federal Republic are well and clearly stated by Mr. Powell. But while optimism and patriotism must not blind us to these dangers, Mr. Powell finds "no reason for believing that we are not sound at the core, and abundantly able to adjust ourselves to social progress." And this no one who has studied American history in the light of social evolution has any reason to doubt. The way out of wrong is speedily found when the people know what hurts them. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

The Sunday School.

Ecstasy.

"And I heard a great voice."—APOCALYPSE.

Translation from Victor Hugo.

Alone with the waves and the star-fires bright—
No sail on the sea, no cloud on the night—
The veil of the Real my far vision rent;
And mountain and wood, with all nature blent,
Seemed to question in vague, mysterious song,
The waves of the sea, the sky's starry throng.

The infinite host of the orbs of gold,
Aloud and in whispers the answer told,
Inclining, majestic, their crowns of fire.
The blue waves untamed, resistless, tossed higher
Their foam-crests, and sang in harmonious chord,
"It is God, the Lord! It is God, the Lord!"

ANNA H. FROST.

The Religions of the World.

SATURDAY EVENING TALKS BY THE PASTOR OF ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO, REPORTED BY E. H. W.

XVII. JAPAN.—SHINTOISM.

We must remember at the outset that the Japanese are very sure they are not Chinese. If you want to find a sure way of offending a Japanese, you will succeed if you talk to him in such a way as to show that in your mind the culture and civilization of Japan are identical with those of China.

Just what the relation of the Japanese to the Chinese is as it stands in the minds of the intelligent and cultivated of the former country, I tried to discover from Mr. Herai, one of the brightest of men, the most all-around and lovable, most courteous and appreciative of all the representatives of foreign faiths brought here by the Parliament of Religions. He was very learned in his way, and had a clear ethnological conception up to a certain line, the line between the Chinese and Japanese, where an uncertain sort of obscurity began. He recognized a certain Chinese investment, but considered it a graft, something extraneous to the real, intrinsic life of his race.

The knowledge accessible to the English reader concerning the beginning of the present Japanese religious cult is for the most part exceedingly precarious. It would seem that up to about 700 or 800 A. D. the island empire was inhabited by a primitive people who were possessed of a certain unique barbarous culture, until then, for the most part, unaffected by external influences. About that time they were visited by the Chinese, and received an influx of Chinese ideas and civilization. By way of China, perhaps a thousand years ago or less, they seem to have been touched by Confucianism, and about three hundred years later by Buddhism. But they had already a primitive home-made religion which the Chinese called Shintoism, from a combination meaning the way of the gods. It seems to have been at first a deification of the forces of nature, forces which, at a later period, they came to look upon as hero ancestors. The system, if we may call it such, has now become a very complicated sort of ancestor worship, a kind of ghost-hunting polytheism, with a sacred mountain and a host of sacred places and sacred things,—a tangled web to the uninitiated. I confess that of all the religions represented at the Parliament, this was to me the most unpromising; and when its representative first appeared upon our platform in the person of the Right Reverend Reuchi Shibata, a Shinto priest of Japan, the outlook for his religion was by no means brightened. He was a little worse harnessed in his apparel than any other of our Oriental brothers—a strong statement which I might hesitate to make were I not certain it could be verified by the memories of those still living. With his frightful tangle of gorgeous silks and satins, his wealth of overgrown ornaments, his three-story hat and his cedar paddle, never seen to leave his hands but once during the history of the Parliament, he seemed an incarnate symbol of the mysteries and complexities of the faith he represented.

The surprise came when the time for his address arrived. It was read in English by Dr. Barrows. Then it appeared that, strange as it may seem, the swaddling enthrallments of this High Priest of Shintoism had, by some strange fortune, left his mind unfettered. He pleaded with a singular clearness for an international code of arbitration, which, in all cases of dispute between nations, should prove a court of last appeal, and so make war impossible; and he begged further for that fairness in religious study which should seek information from the inside and give every faith the right to speak for itself. In other words, this, to all appearances, most Oriental of the Orientals, uttered some of the strongest words heard in the Parliament of Religions for the peace of nations and the comity of religions. Then it was that, if we except the inspiration of the opening and closing sessions, the Parliament reached its high-water mark of enthusiasm. The audience pressed around him until the cautious ones had reason to fear for the security of the platform. Then it was that he threw away his cedar paddle, that he might have both hands free for shaking.

And what was the secret of this power? Partly, no doubt, it was the surprise; the source of these high words was apparently so unpromising. But the more adequate explanation may be found in his own farewell words: "You like me, but I think it is not the mortal Shibata that you like, but you like the immortal idea of universal brotherhood."

It would, of course, be unfair to give the impression that this broad-minded prophet of universal religion has a constituency in any adequate sense in the millions of Japanese who profess the Shinto religion to-day. "You must not think," he said, "that I represent all Shintoism. I only represent my own Shinto sect. But who dares to destroy universal fraternity? So long as the sun and moon continue to shine, all friends of truth must be willing to fight courageously for this great principle."

Shibata aroused enthusiasm in Chicago, but that does not mean that if we were in Japan we should go to his church or believe in all his doctrines. There are, doubtless, a great many things in Shintoism that we do not believe and could not teach our children. But if from Shintoism, which seems to us the poorest and dryest of all the religions we know, and from a representative like Shibata with the most unpromising of exteriors, there could blossom for us so magnificent a surprise, shall we not look for good in all religions, and hope for spirituality in the representatives of whatever faith? It is a great lesson in the depth of the religious experiences of the race and in the breadth of human brotherhood.

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—To what end was religion instituted but to teach thee thy infirmities, to show thee that from Heaven alone thou art to hope for good?

MON.—Establish unto thyself principles of action and see that thou ever act according to them.

TUES.—He that giveth a denial with reason, suffereth a repulse with moderation.

WED.—Riches are servants to the wise; but they are tyrants over the soul of the fool.

THURS.—The poor hath only the good of his own estate committed unto him; the rich is entrusted with the welfare of thousands.

FRI.—Shut not thy bosom to the tenderness of love; the purity of its flame shall ennoble thy heart and soften it to receive the fairest impressions.

SAT.—Beware of irresolution in the intent of thy actions; beware of instability in the execution; so shalt thou triumph over two great failings of thy nature.

—*From an Indian manuscript, "The Economy of Life," 1795.*

Baby Corn.

A happy mother stalk of corn
  Held close a baby ear,
And whispered: "Cuddle up to me,
  I'll keep you warm, my dear,
I'll give you petticoats of green,
  With many a tuck and fold
To let out daily as you grow;
  For you will soon be old."

A funny little baby that,
  For tho' it had no eye,
It had a hundred mouths; 't was well
  It did not want to cry.
The mother put in each small mouth
  A hollow thread of silk,
Through which the sun and rain and air
  Provided baby's milk.

The petticoats were gathered close
  Where all the threadlets hung.
And still as summer days went on
  To mother-stalk it clung;
And all the time it grew and grew—
  Each kernel drank the milk
By day, by night, in shade, in sun,
  From its own thread of silk.

And each grew strong and full and round,
  And each was shining white;
The gores and seams were all let out,
  The green skirts fitted tight.
The ear stood straight and large and tall,
  And when it saw the sun,
Held up its emerald satin gown
  To say: "Your work is done."

"You're large enough," said Mother Stalk,
  "And now there's no more room
For you to grow." She tied the threads
  Into a soft brown plume—
It floated out upon the breeze
  To greet the dewy morn,
And then the baby said: "Now I'm
  A full-grown ear of corn!"

Chicago, Ill. —*Lydia Avery Coonley.*

Victoria On a Wheel.

I must explain at once, that it was not her Majesty, Queen Victoria, but a humble little namesake—a speckled guinea-hen.

She was Peter Simpson's pet and pride, a present from his grandfather when Peter was eight years old, and Victoria a very tiny, shy creature, so small that Peter had to take special care of her, and so timid that she trembled at every little noise.

But that was a year ago. Now, Peter is the proud owner of a "wheel," and Victoria, who soon learned to follow her little master everywhere, even up into the cherry-trees, looked with undisguised astonishment at the bicycle, and half ran, half flew after Peter, when he mounted, and rode down the garden walk. "Up! Vic.!" said Peter. "Good lack! good lack!" cried Victoria; and up she flew, to Peter's shoulder, for her first ride.

By degrees, he taught her to perch on the handle-bars of his wheel, and from that time she always accompanied him, beautifully dressed in her speckled grey and white feathers, and supremely happy.

It was a surprising and very pretty sight to see the pair coming down the road. Sometimes they would pass a flock of turkeys, and Victoria, true to her instinct, would call out, "Good lack! Good lack!" Then the turkeys would crane their queer necks, and respond, "Lithabeth! lithabeth! Gobble, gobble, gobble!" Guinea fowls, you know, are said to act as a sort of body-guard to turkeys, and to frighten away thieves by their cry, "Good lack! good lack!" Perhaps that is why we so often see them together.

Victoria soon grew as fond of the wheel as Peter. It was funny to see her run to it, and fly up and perch on the bars, the minute she saw Peter coming.

It was hard to prevent her from following him to school. He had to shut her up in the barn, and later, when Peter's sister went to the post-office, Victoria was released, and would follow her close at her heels, never for a moment straying off.

When Peter came home from school, Victoria was on the lookout for him, and together they went to the barn for her dinner, which Peter always gave her himself.

One day Victoria disappeared. No one could find her, high or low. Peter was heartbroken. Out in the orchard, down by the brook, over to the woods, he went, calling, "Vic.! Vic.! Vic.!" but there was no response, no glimpse of the pretty little speckled hen. "I 'm afraid she has been stolen," said Peter's mother. But just then came a shout from Peter! He had gone up to his room, and there, perched upon a table, gravely looking at Peter's copybook, sat Victoria!

She flew at once to his shoulder, pecked at his ear, and together they came downstairs.

"Hurrah!" cried Peter. "Good lack!" cackled Victoria.—*S. C. Reese in The Churchman.*

Not long ago 3,000 school children in Utica were asked by Superintendent Griffith to give their written opinion, anonymously, it is supposed, as to whether one pupil should testify against another. Voluntary telling or "tattling" was not meant in the test, but only fifteen per cent of the children noted the distinction, so that the result may be accepted as the children's opinion of the "tattler." The question asked was whether it was right or wrong, and it appears that of the 2,834 who answered the question, 494 boys, or 38 per cent, and 375 girls, or 25 per cent, considered it right not to tell, the larger percentage of both regarding it as wrong.

Man is a child of God for whom his Father's house is waiting.—*Phillips Brooks.*

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ASSOCIATE EDITORS,

HIRAM W. THOMAS, CAROLINE BARTLETT CRANE, OSCAR L. TRIGGS, [illegible]
EMIL G. HIRSCH, R. A. WHITE, FREDERICK STARR, ELLEN T. LEONARD, JOHN W. CHADWICK.
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The Liberal Field.

"The World is my Country; To do good is my Religion."

Nature's Epitaph.

Who knows where the graveyard is,
  Where the fox and the eagle lie?
Who has seen the obsequies
  Of the red deer when they die?

With death they steal away
  Out of the sight of the sun,
Out of the sight of the living, they
  Pay the debt, and are done.

No marble marks the place:
  The common forest brown
Covers them over with Quaker grace
  Just where they laid them down.

But a few years, if you see
  In summer a deeper green
Here and here, it is like to be
  The spot where their bones have been.

Thus, not more, to the poor dead year,
  No grave, nor ghostly stone,
But a greener life and a warmer cheer
  Be the only sign that he's gone.

—*William Herbert Carruth.*

CHICAGO.—The eleventh meeting of the Union of Liberal Sunday-schools was held last Tuesday at the Church of the Messiah, the special topic being "Music in the Sunday-school," and the workers and singers of Stewart Avenue Universalist Sunday-school seemed to take the leading rôle. In May the Union will be the guests of the ethical schools on the South and North Side, and will be held at Unity Church, the topic being "The Religious Ideas of Young Children." . . . The usual Easter festival at All Souls Church proved a tender home occasion. Many of the older members, kept away by distance or other circumstances made a point to be present. The Confirmation class of fifteen was presented to the church; fourteen new members were added, and two christenings from the Helen Heath Settlement. Mrs. C. C. Cary, recently of Denver, sang effectively "In Memoriam" Mr. Gannett's "What will the violets be?" to music composed by Mr. Apmadoc, the chorister of the church. The new annual and Easter card were distributed through the mail the Saturday before. The Easter dollars are coming in.

A PERPLEXED CORRESPONDENT, writing of the strain of the times, finds comfort in Jean Ingelow's lines:

I am glad to know
I am not bound to make
The world go right. But
Only to discover and to do
The work that God appoints.

HOW TO DO IT.—Leslie W. Sprague, of Grand Rapids, has thus embodied a missionary collection plan, which we commend to all societies made up of people with differing religious affections and loyalties. The plan in the main has been pursued for many years by All Souls Church, Chicago, securing thereby absolute harmony among the givers, and we believe the maximum generosity. Mr. Sprague as pastor has recently sent the following letter to his parishioners through the mail:

DEAR FRIEND: Instead of the several collections taken each year heretofore, the Trustees authorize this Annual Offering for Missionary purposes; and I therefore enclose envelopes for your family, hoping that each friend of the faith we cherish will contribute something, and as much as possible.

All the organizations named on the envelope are worthy, and all have friends in All Souls Church. You are asked to contribute to that particular work which is nearest your interest and appeals most to your sympathy.

No man fully appreciates the value of his religion until he is glad to make some sacrifice to enable others to enjoy what he enjoys. Let us show that our faith is not selfish, by a generous Annual Easter Offering. Yours sincerely,

LESLIE W. SPRAGUE.

The letter was accompanied by an envelope on which was printed the following. Our readers will glad to know the result later.

"An Easter Offering for Church Extension, to be given to one or more of the following: (Please indicate your preference and the sum given to each.)

The Michigan Universalist Convention ..... $——
The Michigan Conference of Unitarian and Independent Churches ..... $——
The Universalist General Convention ..... $——
The Western Unitarian Conference ..... $——
The American Unitarian Association ..... $——
The Liberal Congress of Religion ..... $——
Given by ——

Everybody something. The need is great.

If impossible to return on Easter Sunday, please mail at once to Mr. Sprague."

MILWAUKEE, THE ETHICAL SOCIETY.—Things are looking up, audiences growing, new members coming in, people feeling courageous and getting "togetherness" slowly. The change of hour to the evening promises well. The Ethical Section is doing good work on Emerson's essays. Monthly socials and suppers prospering. Mr. Duncan is evidently getting the work in hand.

For the National Liberal Congress

And the Iowa Liberal Congress, to be held at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, in April, the Chicago & North-Western offers superior advantages in the way of six through express trains daily, both from the east and from the west. The equipment is first-class in every particular, consisting of drawing-room sleeping cars, buffet library cars, free reclining chair cars, and dining cars, in which meals are served "a la carte." All agents sell tickets via the North-Western line, or apply to any agent of that company.

Books approved by the Ladies' Commission reading for Sunday School and other Libraries, since December 6, 1897.

AT THE SIEGE OF QUEBEC.—By James Otis. Illustrated. Philadelphia: The Penn. Pub. Co., 1897. Pp. 362. $1.25.

The adventures of two American lads, taken prisoner during the siege. For boys over twelve.

BIRD LIFE: A Guide to the Study of Our Common Birds.—By Frank M. Chapman. Illustrated. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1897. Pp. 269. $1.75.

An exceptionally excellent book on Ornithology for young people, with a "Field Key" for the identification of birds, and very fine illustrations. A valuable book. For readers over twelve.

THE BOYHOOD OF FAMOUS AUTHORS.—By William Rideing. New York: Thomas Crowell & Co. Pp. 211. $1.25.

Correct Brain Cells.

There come times in one's life when it well repays to take a personal inventory to see what is necessary to make life more of a success. It is frequently found that some physical disability stands in the way and robs us of the exercise of our powers. This is particularly true of the brain, whose delicate mechanism is easily affected by certain habits of food or drink. Coffee, for instance, is a peculiar narcotic drug, and directly affects heart, stomach, and brain in a detrimental manner, as any skilled physician will attest.

The delicate brain cells upon which we depend for skillful thinking and planning, cannot proceed properly with their work if interfered with and improperly nourished. Postum Food Coffee furnishes the food elements needed to rebuild the grey matter in brain and nerve cells. If it is properly boiled full 15 minutes after boiling commences, it is delicious. Persons who decline to leave off the use of coffee entirely will find much benefit arise from using half Postum in their coffee, and are generally won over to Postum entirely, when the result in bodily and mental vigor is observed.

The market is flooded with imitations composed of various things, and a percentage of cheap coffee to give taste. Care should be observed in regard to what goes into the human stomach.

This is, with some changes, the same as "The Boyhood of Living Authors," now out of print. "Prepared with the approval, and, in most cases, with the assistance of the authors." For readers over twelve.

THE BOYS OF FORT SCHUYLER.—By James Otis. Illustrated. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. Pp. 265. $1.25.

A story of a boy's part in the fighting in the Mohawk Valley, in 1777. For boys of fourteen and over.

THE BOYS OF HAMNAVOL.—By John Gunn. New York: T. Nelson & Sons, 1898. Pp. 96. $0.30.

Two simple stories with good lessons. For children between nine and fourteen.

CALLED TO THE FRONT. Sequel to "A Son of Liberty." A Story of the Burning of Falmouth, and the Siege of Boston.—By Willis Boyd Allen. Boston. Pilgrim Press. Pp. 269. $1.25.

For boys of twelve and over.

"CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS." A story of the Grand Banks.—By Rudyard Kipling. Illustrated. New York: The Century Co., 1897. Pp. 323. $1.50.

The story of a petted, spoilt boy, who, by his life on a Gloucester fishing-boat, became manly and self-reliant. For boys over twelve.

AN EMPEROR'S DOOM; OR THE PATRIOTS OF MEXICO.—By Herbert Hayens. New York: T. Nelson & Sons, 1898. Pp. 432. $1.75.

A graphic account of the Emperor Maximilian's fall, carefully and fairly told. Likely to arouse an interest in the history of the time in boys over fourteen.

THE ENCHANTED BURRO. Stories of New Mexico and South America.—By Charles F. Lummis. Illustrated. Chicago: Way & Williams, 1897. Pp. 277. $1.50.

Vivid stories founded on fact or legend, somewhat exciting for younger readers. For readers of fourteen and over.

FAMILIAR FEATURES OF THE ROADSIDE. The flowers, shrubs, birds, and insects.—By F. Schyler Matthews. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1897. Pp. 269. $1.75.

This book deals in an interesting and picturesque manner with the familiar aspects of animal and plant life. Readers should have some previous knowledge of the subject to enjoy it. For boys or girls over fourteen.

FIGHTING A FIRE.—By Charles T. Hill. Illustrated by the author. New York: The Century Co. Pp. 246. $1.50.

An account of the organization, methods, dangers, and heroism of the New York fire department. For boys of twelve and over.

THE GIRL RANCHERS OF THE SAN COULEE. A story for girls.—By Mrs. Carrie L. Marshall. Philadelphia: The Penn. Pub. Co. Illustrated. Pp. 322. $1.25.

A story of life on a Montana sheep ranch, where two young girls show courage and energy in helping their invalid father. For girls over twelve.

GUARDING THE BORDER; OR, THE BOYS OF THE GREAT LAKES.—By Everett T. Tomlinson. Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard, 1897. Pp. 365. $1.50.

The scene of this story is laid on and about Lake Ontario at the end of the war of 1812. For boys over twelve.

HEROES AND KINGS. Stories from the Greek.—By Rev. A. J. Church, M. A. New York: Scribner & Welford, 1883. Pp. 242. $0.50.

Stories from Homer and Herodotus, delightfully told. For readers over twelve.

HILDEGARDE'S HARVEST.—By Laura E. Richards. Illustrated. Boston: Estes & Lauriat, 1897. Pp. 300. $1.25.

A fresh, wholesome story of a girl's life in the country. For girls over fourteen.

HISTORIC HOUSES AND SPOTS IN CAMBRIDGE, MASS., AND NEARBY TOWNS.—By J. W. Freeze. Illustrated. Boston, Ginn & Co., 1897. Pp. 144. $1.00.

THE KING OF THE PARK.—By Marshall Saunders. Illustrated. New York: Thomas W. Crowell & Co. Pp. 226. $1.25.

A story of a little French boy befriended by a Boston policeman, whose pet cat is the "King." For children over nine.

THE KINGS' STORY BOOK.—Being historical stories collected out of English romantic literature, in illustration of the reigns of English monarchs from the Conquest to William IV. Edited by George Laurence Gomme. Illustrated. New York: Longmans, Green & Co., 1897. Pp. 527. $2.00.
For boys over fourteen.

THE LITTLE U. C.—By Helen Marion Burnside. New York: T. Nelson & Sons, 1898. Pp. 96. $0.30.

Three short stories, with excellent lessons of obedience, courage and kindness. For children between nine and fourteen.

LORDS OF THE WORLD.—By Rev. A. J. Church. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1897. Pp. 387. $1.50.

A story of the fall of Carthage and Corinth, with much historical information. For readers over twelve.

LULLABY-LAND. Songs of childhood.—By Eugene Field. Selected by Kenneth Grahame. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1897. Pp. 229. $1.50.

A collection of charming nursery songs, suitable to be read to very young children. A few are rather pathetic.

"THE MONKEY THAT WOULD NOT KILL."—By Prof. Henry Drummond. Illustrated. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co., 1898. Pp. 115. $1.00.

The adventures of a mischievous monkey, told with humor in a way to delight children under ten.

THE ONE-EYED GRIFFIN, AND OTHER FAIRY STORIES.—By Herbert E. Inman. Illustrated. New York: Frederick Warne & Co., 1897. Pp. 353. $1.50.

A set of lively and interesting fairy stories, with a good moral tone. One or two of them might seem grewsome to a sensitive child.

ON GRANDFATHER'S FARM.—By Annie Howells Fréchette. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society. Pp. 85. $1.75.

A simple story for little children, with good lessons of kindness and obedience.

THE FARM'S LITTLE PEOPLE. Sequel to On Grandfather's Farm.—By Annie Howells Fréchette. Philadelphia: American Baptist Pub. So. Pp. 107. $0.75.
For children under ten.

ON PLYMOUTH ROCK.—By Samuel Adams Drake. Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard, 1897. Pp. 173. $0.60.

A good account of the trials, successes and heroism of the "Pilgrim Fathers." For readers between nine and fourteen.

AN OREGON BOYHOOD.—By Lewis Albert Banks. Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard, 1898. Pp. 173. $1.25.

A true story of a boy's life on the frontier. For readers over twelve.

THE PINK FAIRY BOOK.—Edited by Andrew Lang. Illustrated. New York: Longmans, Green & Co., 1897. Pp. 360. $2.00.

Old fairy-tales of valuable literary merit.

PARIS AT BAY. A Story of the Siege and Commune.—By Herbert Hayens. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Pp. 352. $1.50.

A vivid, well-drawn picture of the events and horrors of that time, as seen by a young Englishman in the French army. For boys over fourteen.

PRINCE UNO. Uncle Frank's Visit to Fairyland. Illustrated. New York: Doubleday and McClure Co., 1897. Pp. 241. $1.25.

A cheerful little fairy-tale for children under nine.

THE READY RANGERS. A story of boys, boats and bicycles, fire-buckets and fun.—By Kirk Munroe. Boston: Lothrop Pub. Co. Pp. 334. $1.25.

The story of some lively country boys who form a "band for helping folks." For boys from ten to fourteen.

RICH ENOUGH.—By Leigh Webster. Illustrated. Boston: Roberts Bros., 1897. Pp. 242. $1.25.

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TO BE HELD AT CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA, APRIL 26, 27, and 28, 1898.

TUESDAY, APRIL 26.

7:30 p. m.—Sermon—By H. W. Thomas, D. D., President of the Liberal Congress of Religion, Chicago.
Address—Mary A. Safford, Pastor of Unity Church, Sioux City.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 27.
MRS. ADAH VAN VECHTEN, Presiding.

9:00 a. m.—Devotional Service — Conducted by Charles Graves, Pastor of Unity Church, Humboldt.

9:30 a. m.—"Some Causes of Modern Unbelief."— N. S. Sage, D. D., Pastor of All Souls Church (Universalist), Charles City.

10:15 a. m.—"Optimism, as Vindicated by the Existence of the Hero-heart."—Arthur M. Judy, Pastor of the Unitarian Church, Davenport.

11:00 a. m.—"An Expurgated Christianity."—Sophie Gibb, Pastor of First Universalist Church of Boone.

11:30 a. m. until recess—Free Parliament upon preceding Papers.

12:15 p. m.—Recess.

THURSDAY, APRIL 28.

9:00 a. m.—Devotional Service—Conducted by John Mulholland, Pastor of the Independent Universalist Church, Iowa Falls.

9:30 a. m.—"Women's Clubs and the Church."—Mrs. Emma Van Vechten, President of the State Federation of Women's Clubs, Cedar Rapids.

10:00 a. m.—"The Church and Young Men."—P. M. Harmon, D. D., Pastor of the Independent Church, Spring Valley, Minn.

10:30 a. m.—Paper—"Higher Ethical Standards for the Home and Social Life." Rev. Mary Girard Andrews, Omaha, Neb.

11:00 a. m.—"Reciprocity: What a Church can do for a Community; What a Community can do for a Church." Rev. A. R. Tillinghast, Pastor of the Church of the Redeemer, Waterloo.

11:30 a. m. until recess—Free Parliament upon preceding papers.

12:15 p. m.—Recess.

One holy Church of God appears
Through every age and race,
Unwasted by the lapse of years,
Unchanged by changing place.

From oldest times, on farthest shores,
Beneath the pines or palm,
One Unseen Presence she adores,
With silence or with psalm.

Her priests are all God's faithful sons,
To serve the world raised up;
The pure in heart her baptized ones;
Love, her communion cup.

The truth is her prophetic gift,
The soul her sacred page;
And feet on mercy's errands swift
Do make her pilgrimage.

O living Church, thine errand speed;
Fulfill thy task sublime;
With bread of life earth's hunger feed;
Redeem the evil time!

—SAM'L LONGFELLOW

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 27.
JENKIN LLOYD JONES, Presiding.

2:00 p. m.—"Unity and Co-operation."—Chas. E. Perkins, Pastor of the Congregational Church of Keosauqua.

2:30 p. m.—A Free Parliament for the discussion of this subject, and enlarging into a general discussion of the kindred one, "The Fraternity of the Sects: What can we each contribute to the Spiritual Elevation of our Time?"

4:00 p. m.—"The Ideal Reformer."—Amos Crum, D. D., State Superintendent of Universalist Churches, Webster City.

RECESS.

7:30 p. m.—Sermon—Edmund M. Vittum, Pastor of the Congregational Church, Grinnell.

After the sermon, a reception will be tendered to the people from abroad by the membership of the Universalist Society.

"A Word of Welcome."—C. D. Van Vechten, Cedar Rapids.

"A Word in Response."—Ida C. Hultin, Pastor of the Unitarian Church, Moline, Ill.

THURSDAY, APRIL 28.
HON. JOHN M. REDMOND, Mayor of Cedar Rapids, Presiding.

2:00 p. m.—Address—"The Evils of Hasty and Unconsidered Legislation." Hon. J. H. Funk, Speaker House Representatives, Iowa Falls.

2:30 p. m.—"Poverty as a Social Factor."—A. G. Wilson, Pastor of Unity Church, Decorah.

3:00 p. m.—"A Cure for Poverty."—Prof. Hiram B. Loomis, Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill.

3:45 p. m.—"The Contribution of Judaism to Civilization." —Jos. Stolz, Rabbi Isaiah Congregation, Chicago.

4:30 p. m.—"The Public School as a Teacher of Morals and Patriotism."—O. J. Laylander, Superintendent Schools, Cedar Falls.

RECESS.

7:30 p. m.—Sermon—Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Pastor of All Souls Church, and Secretary of the Liberal Congress of Religion, Chicago.

"The Concluding Word."—Thomas B. Gregory, Pastor of the Church of the Redeemer, Chicago.

RAILROADS Cedar Rapids may be reached by The Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Northern, The Chicago & Northwestern, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, and the Illinois Central Railways. The exercises will be held in the Universalist Church, corner Third Avenue and Sixth Street, three blocks away from the Union Station. Reception Committee will be found at the church. For further particulars, inquire of the Local Secretary, J. H. PALMER, 520 Eighth Ave., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

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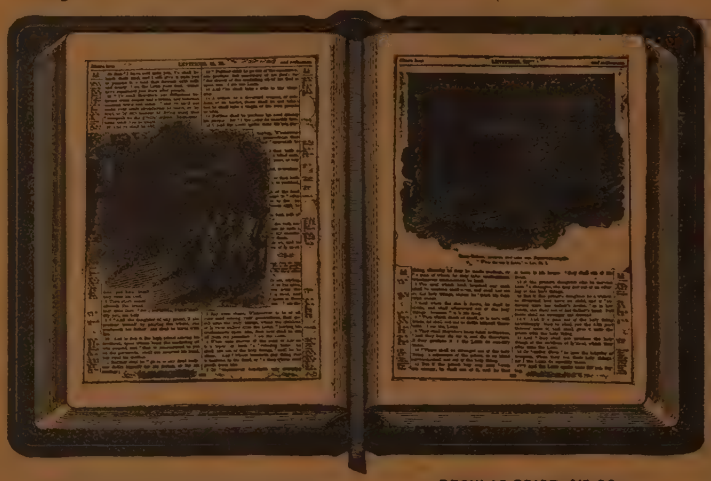

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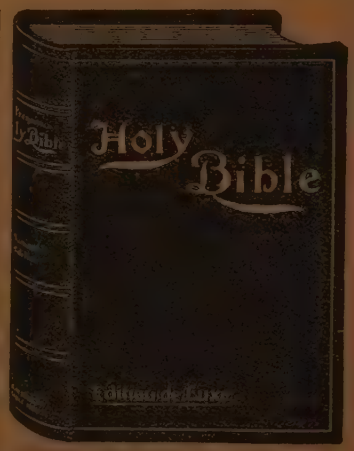

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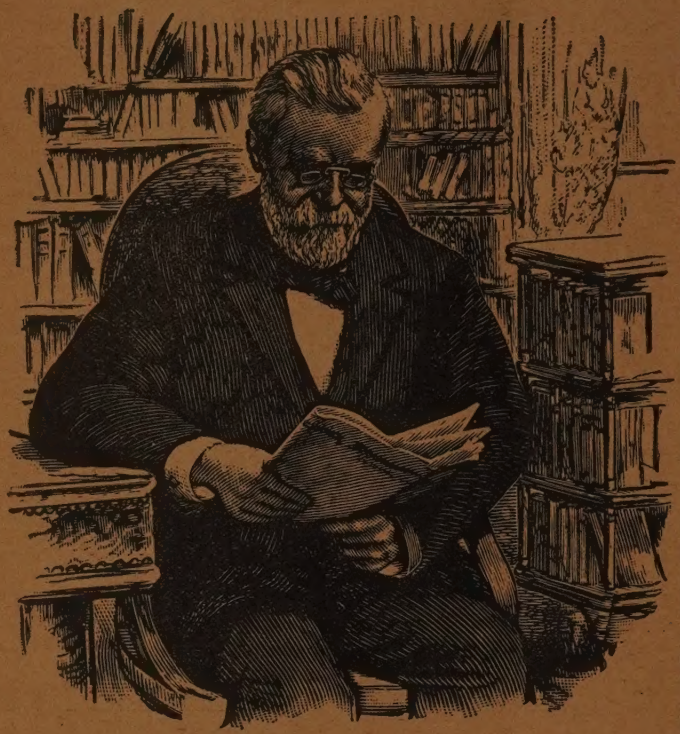

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The Fraternity of Liberal Religious Societies in Chicago.

All Souls Church, corner Oakwood Boulevard and Langley Avenue. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Minister.

Central Church (Independent), Central Music Hall. N. D. Hillis, Minister.

Church of Our Father (Universalist), 844 Burling Street. Pastor, Rev. Robert Jardine, D.Sc. Morning services, 10:45; Sunday School, 12:15 P.M.; Meeting of Y. P. C. U., 7:30 P.M.

Church of the Messiah (Unitarian), corner of Michigan Avenue and 23d Street. W. W. Fenn, Minister.

Church of the Redeemer (Universalist), corner of Warren Avenue and Robey Street. T. B. Gregory, Minister.

Independent Liberal Church, Martin's Academy, 333 Hampden Court, Lake View. Mrs. Celia Parker Woolley, Minister.

Isaiah Temple (Jewish), Oakland Club Hall, Ellis Avenue and 39th Street. Joseph Stolz, Minister.

K. A. M. Congregation (Jewish), Indiana Avenue and 33d Street. M. Perez Jacobson, Minister.

Memorial Chapel (Unitarian), corner Fifty-seventh Street and Lexington Avenue. Rev. W. W. Fenn preaches Sunday afternoons and evenings.

Oak Park Unity Church (Universalist). R. F. Johonnot, Minister.

Peoples' Church (Independent), McVicker's Theatre, Madison Street, near State. H. W. Thomas, Minister.

Ryder Memorial Church, (Universalist), Sheridan Avenue and 64th Street. Sunday services 11 A.M. and, 8 P.M.; Sunday School, 9:30 A.M.; Young People's Christian Union, 7 P.M. Devotional Meeting, Wednesdays at 8 P.M. Rev, Frederick W. Miller, Minister; residence, The Colonial, 6325 Oglesby Avenue.

Sinai Congregation (Jewish) Indiana Avenue and 21st Street. E. G. Hirsch, Minister.

Society for Ethical Culture, Steinway Hall. W. M. Salter, Lecturer.

St. Paul's Church (Universalist), Prairie Avenue and 28th Street. A. J. Canfield, Minister.

Stewart Avenue Universalist Church, Stewart Avenue and 65th Street. R. A. White, Minister.

Temple Israel, Memorial Baptist Church, Oakwood Boulevard. I. S. Moses, Minister.

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